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POETRY.



THE PASSION FLOWER.

BY HARRY CORNWALL.

'Tis night, 'tis night, the hour of hours
When love lies down with folded wings
By Psyche in her starless bowers,
And down his fatal arrow flings!
Those bowers whence not a word is heard,
Save only from the bridal bird,
Who midst that utter darkness sings
Sweet music, like the running springs;
This her burden, soft and clear—
Love is here! Love is here!

'Tis night! the moon is on the stream,
Bright spells are on the soothed sea,
And Hope, the child is gone to dream
Of pleasures which may never be!
And now is haggard Care asleep,
Now doth the widow sorrow smile!
And slaves are hushed in slumber deep,
Forgetting grief and toil awhile!

What sight can fiery morning show,
To shame the stars or pale moonlight?
What beauty can the day bestow,
Like that which falls on gentle night?
Sweet lady sing I not aright?
O turn and tell me—for the day—
Is faint and fading fast away,
And now comes back, the hour of hours,
When love his lover's mistress seeks,
Sighing like winds amongst the flowers,
Until the maiden silence speaks!

Fair girl, methinks—may lither turn
Those eyes, which midst their blushes burn!
Methinks, at such a time one's heart
Can better bear both sweet and smart;
Love's look—the first—which never dieth;
Or death—which comes when beauty fleeth—
When strength is slain, when youth is past,
And all, save truth is lost at last!

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

A life on the ocean wave!
A home on the rolling deep!
Where the scattered waters rave
And the winds their revels keep.
Like an eagle caged, I pine,
On this dull unchanging shore,
Oh! give me the flashing brine,
The spray and the tempest's roar.

Once more on the deck I stand,
Of my own swift gliding craft;
Set sail, farewell to the land,
The gale follows far afoot.
We shoot through the sparkling foam,
Like an ocean bird set free,
Like the ocean bird, our home
We'll find far out on the sea.

The land is no longer in view,
The clouds have begun to frown,
But with a stout vessel and crew,
We'll say let the storm come down!
And the song of our hearts shall be,
While the wind and the waters rave,
A life on the heaving sea,
A home on the bounding wave.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE POCKET BIBLE;

"Or, His Loving Kindness Changes not."

BY CHARLES A. GOODRICH.

I was standing at the counter of a bookstore, some years since, when a lady entered and enquired for pocket bibles. I knew her well. A few years before she had married a respectable young merchant, who, although, possessed but of little, if any, capital himself, had been started in business by a gentleman of wealth, with every prospect of success. He was active, honest, and enterprising; and, although he married early and after commencing business for himself—perhaps too early—the lady whom he had selected as his companion was worthy of his choice. She had more ambition, some of her friends thought, than comported with their circumstances; and although she contrived to repress it, in consideration that her husband's income for the present was small, it was apparent that her spirit was aspiring, and that she was a looking forward with some impatience, to the time when she would be the mistress of a fine house, with furniture corresponding. A friend of hers who was married about the same time, had at once entered upon the enjoyment of the objects of her ambition, and had even a carriage at her command. Quite possible Matilda Grant cherished the secret hope that she might one day be able to visit that friend in a similar establishment of her own.

The dispensations of God, however, not unfrequently intervene to thwart our plans, defeat our hopes of worldly good. He has higher views respecting us than we ourselves entertain—the elevation of our souls, and those of our friends, to a crown of glory in his own blessed mansions—and a preparation therefore is necessary, which requires sorrow here in order to joy hereafter. Through much tribulation must we enter into the kingdom of God.

For a few years Mr. Grant went on well in business. His purchases were made with judgment, and his goods were credited to those who, he thought, would be able to pay. But, unfortunately and unforeseen, his principal creditors failed and in a single day Charles Grant was a bankrupt.

At the time of this sad reverse he was ill of a fever. It was difficult to conceal it from him; but the news had a still more unhappy effect upon him than was anticipated; and from that hour he continued to decline, and in a few weeks he was carried to his long home. It was a grievous blow to his wife, with whom her friends most sincerely sympathized, and to whom they tendered for herself and two children—a son and a daughter—all the kind assistance which their circumstances allowed.

On an investigation of Mr. Grant's affairs, his failure proved even worse than was feared; and although the gentleman who had advanced the

capital, was quite liberal in the settlement of the concern, the widow and her children had but a few hundred dollars, and for most of that she was chiefly indebted, it was thought, to the generosity of her husband's friend.

This result, added to the loss of a fond and estimable man, made the shock still more terrible. She felt the calamity keenly, and the more so, as she had no near relatives at hand to console with her, and was ignorant of the divine consolations of religion. But there was mercy in her cup of sorrow. The spirit of God came in to heal that troubled spirit, and to sanctify those trials to her soul. And at length she was enabled to bow in humble and quiet submission to the will of God, and betake herself to the support and education of her lovely children, now her solace and delight.

At the time I saw her in a bookstore she was in pursuit of a pocket bible for her son, named Charles, after his father.—The purchase was soon made. It was a beautiful edition—not expensive, but just such as a fond and religious mother would wish to present to a son whom she loved, and which she hoped would prove a lamp unto his feet. A further circumstance about this bible I knew in after years.—On presenting it she turned the attention of the happy little fellow to a blank page in the beginning, on which, in a beautiful wreath, she had inscribed her own name and under it the words, "To my son," followed by the appropriate and touching lines—

A parent's blessing on her son
Goes with this holy thing;
The love that would retain the one
Must to the other cling.
Remember 'tis no idle toy,
A mother's gift—remember, boy.

And still a little below were printed, in small but beautiful capitals, words which a mother's faith might well appropriate:—

"HIS LOVING KINDNESS CHANGES NOT."

At the age of seventeen Charles Grant was a stout, strong, active youth. He was more than ordinarily ambitious, but as his ambition had not full scope, he was restless and sometimes thought unhappy. Had his mother at this critical era of his life, been able to find some employment suited to his active and ambitious genius, it would have been fortunate indeed; but she knew of none; and besides, she needed his aid—but what was more than all, she was alone, and felt that she could not dispense with his company.

About this time a young sailor by the name of Thornton, belonging to the neighborhood, arrived home from a voyage.—Charles naturally fell in his way, and was delighted with the story of his wonderful adventures. He listened long and intently. His age and circumstances combined to excite in his ambitious bosom the desire of similar exciting scenes. Without designing any special wrong, young Thornton, at length proposed to Charles to accompany him on his next voyage, which he should commence in a few weeks. For a time he hesitated, or rather declined—his mother and Alice would never consent and to leave them by stealth was more than he felt willing to do. Thornton did not urge him, as it afterward appeared, but Charles himself was strongly inclined to go, while the young sailor was quite willing to have a friend and companion so bright and enterprising as Charles Grant. In an evil hour the latter decided to go, without the knowledge of his mother.

On the night appointed for their departure, Charles rose from his bed when all was still, and softly feeling his way to the door, opened it and escaped. It was a beautiful night, and as he proceeded around the corner of the house to get a small bundle of cloths which he had concealed the day before, his heart beat unusually violent, and for a few moments a faintness came over him at the thought of leaving a mother and sister, the only objects on earth whom he had ever truly loved. He stopped for a moment, as if meditating a better resolution, and then proceeded to the gate, which he opened and went out. Here he again paused—turned—looked—lingered—hesitated—and even put his hand again on the latch, half resolved to creep once more to his little bed room. But at that moment the low call of Thornton, at some distance reached his ear—he had lingered longer than he was aware, and now the moment arrived when he must go, if at all. With a sort of desperation of feeling he hastened away, the tears trickling down his cheeks as he bade adieu to the humble cottage which contained all he loved on earth. His bundle was still under his arm, and in that bundle I am glad to say, was "a mother's gift"—the pocket Bible. Charles felt that he could not go without that, and perhaps he felt that the discovery that he had taken it might serve somewhat to assuage a mother's sorrow.

Before morning the young sailors were a long way toward the seaport whence they expected to sail, and a couple of days brought them quite there. The ship, it so happened, was ready, and Charles having been accepted on the recommendation of Thornton, took up his line of duty before the mast. Shortly after, the ship weighed anchor, and stretched forth on a far distant voyage.

I must leave my readers to imagine, if they are able, the surprise and even consternation of Mrs. Grant and Alice, the morning following Charles' departure, at not finding him in the house, nor about the premises. What could it mean?—what errand could have called him away?—at what hour did he leave?—what accident could have befallen him?

Search was made for him by the increasingly anxious and terrified mother and sister for an hour and more, before they ventured to make known their solicitude to their neighbors. My own residence was not far distant; and before I had finished my breakfast, a messenger in haste made known the truly distressing situation of Mrs. Grant and Alice. I hastened to the house—other friends at no distant hour were there—inquiries were instituted—messengers were despatched around the town, but not the slightest tidings could be obtained, and even conjecture was baffled. At length however, Mrs. Grant made the discovery that his better suit was gone, and there was a transient gleam of joy on her face as she announced that his pocket Bible was also not in his chest. Some days passed, long days, and long and gloomy nights, before any satisfactory intelligence was received, and then the amount of that intelligence was in a short but affectionate letter from Charles himself, just then on the eve of sailing for the Pacific ocean. It ran thus—

"MY DEAR MOTHER.—Can you, will you forgive me the step I have taken without your knowledge or consent? My heart has smote me every hour since I left you. I am at—, and

on board the ship—which sails in an hour for the Pacific ocean. Fondest, best of mothers, do not grieve; I will one day return to bless and comfort you and my dear Alice. I must do something for you and her. Kiss her for me. Mother, I can write no more, only I hope that I shall have your prayers. I have got my pocket Bible, and shall keep it next to my heart. Farewell.

Your affectionate son,
P. S. I have somewhere read, what I am sure will prove true in my own case:

"Where'er I rove—whatever realms I see,
My heart, untavell'd, fondly turns to thee."

By some means the letter did not reach the post office as soon as it should have done, and the uncertainty bore heavily on the heart of mother and sister. The postmaster, on its arrival, kindly sent it to me; and hoping that it contained tidings of the lost child I ventured to break the seal. The truth—sorrowful as it was—was a great relief, and was felt to be so by Mrs. Grant and Alice. Yet, for a season—and who can marvel?—their hearts were filled with a sadness which scarcely admitted of alleviation—it was a dark and mysterious providence, and when friends called in, as they often did to mingle their tears with the weeping, and to administer consolation, the most they could do was to say, "his ways are in the sea, and his judgments past finding out."

But time does something—religion does more. By degrees these sorrowful ones were able to pray, and as the christian poet says, "Prayer makes the darkest cloud withdraw."

So it did for them. They did not indeed recover their wonted cheerfulness, but they were calm and subdued. No murmur escaped the mother's lips, and even Alice seemed to have imbibed the spirit of a holy resignation, "Father, thy will be done."

But there were days of keen and bitter anguish, and in those nights when the storm swept its angry blast across their humble dwelling, and rocked their bed, it was impossible for a mother's heart not to tremble for her sailor boy, far off upon the stormy ocean, and perhaps suffering the perils of the billowy tempest. But even at such times, she was enabled to commit herself and her wandering child to the care of a covenant-keeping God—uttering the language of holy confidence, "His faithfulness is as the overhanging mountains."—"Though he slay me, yet I will trust in Him."

Four years elapsed, and nothing was heard of Charles Grant. Sometime during the second year of his absence a rumor reached us that a ship supposed to be the—, which sailed from—, and on board of which Charles was supposed to be, was burned at sea, and that but two or three only were saved, and among these was a young man named Grant. But the rumor though not contradicted, was not confirmed, and another period of uncertainty and anxiety, fell to the lot of the long stricken and heart-saddened mother and sister of the absent boy.

At length the friends of Mrs. Grant perceived a visible change in her health. The indications of that too fatal malady—consumption—were too apparent to be mistaken. Its approach indeed was slow and insidious, and for a time was kept at bay by assiduous attention of our village physician; but medical prescription at length lost its power, and she became at first confined to the house—then to her room—and finally to her bed.

I often visited her, as did other friends. Her room was no longer the abode of gloom and sorrow. She had for some months been making rapid progress in resignation to the will of God; and though her feeble tabernacle was shaken, and was likely to be dissolved through years of anxiety of affliction, yet her faith seemed to acquire more and more strength, and to fasten with a firmer hold upon the divine promises. One day as I sat conversing with her, she alluded to the faithfulness of God, and expressed her unwavering confidence in Him. She said it had been her desire to acquiesce in the Divine will, and she hoped she would be able to do so, whatever it might be in relation to herself or her absent son. But, continued she, I have prayed long and fervently that I might see him—see him a true penitent—and I cannot relinquish the belief that God will hear and answer.

I was about to say something which might tend to soothe her, in case her hopes were not realized, as I must confess that I saw little present reason to expect they would be, when she stopped me, and observed, "You may think me presumptuous, but my faith must enjoy its hold on the Divine promises. Has not God said, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will answer thee, and thou shalt glorify me? I have called—yes I have called by day and by night, and God has seemed to help me. Has he excited such strong, such intense emotions for nothing? Has he enabled me to wrestle with him, only to be disappointed? I am aware that probabilities are all apparently against me. I must soon fail; this heart will soon cease beating, and the narrow house be my resting place, but I still have confidence in the faithfulness of my heavenly father. What though I see no immediate prospect of the return of my poor boy? I believe I shall yet press that poor child to my bosom.—Years since, I wrote in a pocket Bible I gave him, 'His loving kindness changes not,' and do you think it will fail now?"

I confess I admired the steady faith of the mother—a faith strong in the Lord and in the power of his might; and yet it seemed scarcely possible that her hopes should be realized. At length my faith faltered, for it was apparent that her hour of departure was not far distant.

That night two or three female friends, fearful of her failure before morning, offered to stay with the mother of Alice. This the latter cheerfully assented to, though she had decided not to leave her mother. The necessary arrangements for the night were made, and at an early hour all was silent in and around the humble cottage.

It was a glorious night abroad—clear, soft, mild—just such a night as a saint might well choose in which to take its departure and soar to the temple above. The poet must have had some such night in his vision when he penned these beautiful lines—

"The moon awakes, and from her maiden face
Shedding her cloudy locks, looks meekly forth,
And with her virgin stars, walks in the heavens,
While a nightingale, conversing as she walks
Of purity, and holiness and God."

It was just such a night, and Alice had risen from her seat; and to hide her motions, as her dear parent breathed more heavily, had gone to the window, the curtain of which she drew aside, and was standing leaning her arm on the sash. In the distance, just beyond the gate, she discerned, as she thought, the figure of a man who seemed to be approaching. For a moment she

started back, but again looked, and his hand was on the latch. The gate was opened with great caution, and the stranger approached slowly toward the house. Presently a gentle knock was heard at the kitchen door. It was impossible for Alice to summon courage to attend to the stranger herself; but she whispered to the nurse, who, upon unlocking the door, inquired the reason for so late and unreasonable an intrusion.

"Does Mrs. Grant still reside here?" inquired the stranger in a kind but earnest tone.

"She does," replied the nurse; "but she is dangerously ill, and we fear cannot live many hours; you cannot see her."

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed the stranger; and so audibly were the words pronounced that the sound fell on the ears of Alice, and her heart beat with strong and distressing emotions. "I must see her," continued the stranger; "do not deny me, madam, quick—quick!" and he gently pressed open the door, still held by the surprised and even terrified nurse.

Alice listened to the sounds without being able to decide their import; but at length, fearing that her mother might be disturbed, she stole softly out of the room for the purpose of ascertaining what the stranger wanted.

"Alice! Miss Alice," said the nurse, as she approached.

But before she had finished what she was attempting to say, the stranger inquired with a countenance wild with emotion, "Is this Alice Grant?" and the next moment he swooned and fell on the floor.

"Miss Alice," exclaimed the agitated nurse, "What does all this mean?—who can this be?"

"Alice herself stood amazed; but as the light fell upon the features of the apparently lifeless stranger, a thought flashed across her mind, and the following moment she was nearly fallen beside him.

"Nurse," she said, softly but quickly, "hand me some water." This she applied liberally to the temples of the stranger, who slowly recovered his consciousness and at length sat up. He looked around, and presently fastened his eyes most intently and inquiringly on the pale and motionless Alice. "Yes, yes!" he exclaimed, "it is she; it is—it is my own beloved Alice!"

"Charles—Charles—my brother!" uttered Alice as she fell upon his bosom.—"O heaven be praised! Charles, is it—is it you? Oh mother, mother!"

The sound of voices reached the dying mother, and she inquired, "Alice my child, what—what did I hear, Alice?"

Alice scarcely able to stand, hastened to her bedside, and taking her mother's hand, already cold with death, spoke in accents tremulous—for the whole frame was agitated—tremulous but kind.

"What did I hear, Alice," the mother softly whispered. I thought he had come. Did I dream, Alice?"

"Mother, dear mother," said Alice, putting her face close to the cold face of the dying parent and scarcely able to draw a breath—"Who did you think had come?"

"Why Charles; it seemed as if he had come. But I dreamed—did I Alice?"

"Mother," said Alice, "could you see him?—could you sustain it if you could see him?"

"Surely child why I long to see him; and I did think I should see him once more before I died."

At this instant the door softly opened, and Charles approached cautiously—inquiringly.

"Mother," said Alice, "here—can you look up? do you know who this is?"

"Who is it, Alice,—who is it?" inquired the half wild but still conscious mother.

"Mother," softly whispered Charles, as he knelt down and kissed her cold cheek, "another, my dear mother, Oh will you—can you forgive your long-lost, but penitent, broken-hearted child?"

"Charles, my dear Charles! is it indeed you?" said the now dying mother, at the same time endeavoring to put her wan and feeble arm around his neck. "My dear boy, you have come; yes, I can now praise God. One question, Charles, and I die in peace—is my boy a penitent?"

"Mother," said Charles, his tears nearly choking his utterance, "that bible and a mother's prayers have saved me. I have come, and in season, to ask forgiveness.—Father I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." Mother, my dear mother, and will you forgive me also?"

"Enough, enough," said the departing mother, "yes, it is enough!" her countenance beaming as it were with seraphic joy.

"I am nearly through; but go, my son—go, my dear Alice, and publish it to the mothers of the land, what I have found true—and will continue true as long as praying mothers exist—"

"His loving kindness changes not!"

For a few moments following it was thought she had ceased to breathe; but she revived sufficiently to press once more, gently, the hands of Charles and Alice; and then she was heard singing, in a faint and scarcely audible tone, those beautiful lines which she had often expressed a wish that she might have occasion to sing:

"Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers may fail;
O may my last expiring breath,
His loving kindness sing to death."

The prayer was answered. "His loving kindness" were the last sounds which were heard. They ceased here only to be resumed, and to be sung by the glorified and triumphant saint before the throne of God.

SCOGGAN, QUEEN ELIZABETH'S JESTER.—Scoggan, having once borrowed £500 of the Queen, and not being able to return them, contrived to find out the time when the Queen went out, as she was obliged to pass by his house. He had a coffin made, and let his family into the secret, he laid himself in it, and had his friends invited to his funeral. The Queen happening to pass at the moment they were carrying the corpse with ceremony, inquired who was dead. "Madam," they replied, "it is your devoted servant Scoggan." "What!" she exclaimed, "he is dead, and I was not even informed of his being ill! The poor man owed me £500, but I forgive him the debt with all my heart!" Scoggan instantly rose up in his coffin, and cried out, "I thank your majesty! The favor she bestows to me is so agreeable that it has brought me to life again."—*Fraser's Magazine.*

It is said that Mr. J. W. Tyson's resignation of his post in the General Post Office may be attributed to his engagement to a very beautiful and accomplished lady, with whom he proposes to enjoy the happiness of private life.

BACCHUS AND THE ASTRONOMERS.—"This wine is miraculous," said we, filling a glass of token. "Yes; I shall remain some time in Hungary," answered the Hermit, sipping the liquor with educated lips. "This," said the sage, holding the wine between him and the light, "this is the true blood of our dear mother earth. I have often wondered at the sneaking ingratitude of astronomical men.—In the name of grapes, why should not Bacchus have a star to himself? We have only to reflect upon the characters of the Pagan deities sidereally honored, to feel the indignity done to Bacchus. There is Saturn, the child eater—he must be set in a ring, and nominally hung in the sky. Mars, a bully, and nine times out of ten no whit better than a highwayman or burglar—he, too, must twinkle insultingly upon men, made fools and rogues, tyrants and victims, by his abominable influences; yes, he, the recruiting sergeant of the heavens, must stare with his red face upon us; and Mercury, thief and orator to boot, may wink through the long night, all having their admirers and worshippers; whilst for Bacchus, he, with all his great bounty, is starless and unhonored. 'T would be a pleasant, yet a proper thing," said the Hermit, with a laugh, "to find a fine new planet for him."—*Illuminated Magazine.*

CAMPBELL THE POET.—Campbell was, in stature, small, but well made. His eyes were very fine, and just such eyes as Lawrence took delight in painting, when he drew that fine picture of the poet which will preserve his looks to the latest posterity. His lips were thin, and in a constant twitter: thin lips are bad in marble, and Chantrey refused to do his bust because his lips would never look well. He was bald, I have heard him say, when only twenty-four, and since that age has almost always worn a wig. There was a *spicery* about almost every thing that he did. He would rule pencil lines to write on, and complete a MS. more in the manner of Davies or Herford, than Tom Campbell. His wigs, in his palmy days, were true to the last curl of studious perfection. He told a story with a great deal of humor, and had much wit and art in setting off an anecdote, that in other telling had gone for nothing. The story of the mercantile traveller from Glasgow was one of his best, and his proposing Napoleon's health at a meeting of authors, because he had murdered a bookseller, (Psalms) was rich in the extreme.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

TAILORS.—Many eminent men have served their time at tailoring. Thomas Woodman, a native of New Jersey, who first suggested the idea of abolishing the slave trade, was a tailor by trade. He published much on the subject, and went to Europe to consult distinguished men respecting the topic, where he died of the small-pox in 1772.

Sir John Hawkwood—the first English General—was also a tailor. His historian says of him: "He turned his needle into a sword and his thimble into a shield." He died in 1394. In Haddington there is a monument erected to his memory.

Benjamin Robbins, the compiler of Anson's voyages round the world—if not a tailor by trade, was the son of a tailor.

Sir Ralph Blackwell, knighted by Edward III for his bravery, was a tailor by trade. He was the founder of Blackwell Hall.

John Stowe, the antiquarian, who died in London about the year 1600, at the age of 80 years, was a tailor.

John Speed, the distinguished historian, served his apprenticeship at the same trade.

Let our tailors be encouraged. Many an eminent man, besides those we have mentioned above, has arisen to usefulness and honor from this. No class of men among us are more industrious—and very few more intelligent.

PRICES OF WOMEN, COLD AND WARM.—A lovely female slave, warm from the mountains of Circassia, and warranted not to be second hand; may be bought at Constantinople for three hundred dollars. A lovely female statue, cold from the marble mountains of Carrara, (and spotted as the snow, without a doubt,) was lately sold by Mr. Power to the Hon. Wm. Preston, for three thousand dollars! Something would seem to be wrong here—the "clay tariff," or the Ottoman "protection," or something. Various questions arise: Is an original woman a favorite article? Is the imitation by Power, of the fabrics of Nature & Co., (an improvement upon the model?) Is the presence of the faculty of speech in the cheaper article any special indication of a preference that can be relied upon in the buyer? Perhaps some extensive dealer in both articles will oblige us with a solution of this mercantile problem.—*Willis's Ecce Mirror.*

TRUE PATRIOTISM.—Old John Bonaterra had five sons in the field of battle at Bennington, and being told that he had been unfortunate in one of his sons, replied: "What! has he misbehaved? did he desert his post, or shrink from the charge?" "No sir," said the informant, "worse than that; he is among the slain; he fell contending courageously in the cause." "Then I am satisfied," replied the good old man, "bring him in that I may behold him, and survey the darling of my soul!" On which the corpse was brought in and laid before him. He called for a bowl of water and a napkin, and with his own hands washed the gore and dirt from his son's corpse, and wiped his grating wounds, with a complacency, as he himself expressed it, which before he had never felt or experienced.

A HANDSOME ACT.—Mr. O'Sullivan, the editor of the New York Morning News, (dom.) did a handsome and gentlemanly act a few days ago that merits general approbation. He had betted \$150 against a beautiful saddle horse, upon some particular result, and won his wager. The horse was accordingly delivered to the winner. But he, having learned that it was a favorite with the loser, rode it to the house of the lady, and there assured her that he could not deprive her of her pet, and begged her acceptance of the animal. The offer thus gracefully made was graciously accepted.

NATIVE BORN CITIZENS.—In the Court of Chancery, New York, on Monday, Assistant Vice Chancellor Sanford decided in the case of R. Lynch vs. J. Clark and Julia Lynch, that a child born in this country, of alien parents is a citizen of the United States. The rule applies equally where the parents are here temporarily, as when they come here for a permanent residence. The children of foreign ambassadors are an exception.

GATHERINGS.

"He was at a great feast and picked up all the scraps."

Lake Superior is 400 miles long, 80 miles wide, 900 feet deep, and contains 32,000 square miles.

Lake Michigan is 220 miles long, 70 miles wide, 1,000 feet deep, and 578 feet above tide water. It contains 22,000 square miles.

Lake Huron is 240 miles long, 80 miles wide, 1,000 feet deep, and contains 20,000 square miles. It is 578 feet above tide water.

Green Bay is 100 miles long, 20 miles wide, and contains 2,000 square miles.

Lake Ontario is 100 miles long, 35 miles wide, 500 feet deep, and contains 6,300 square miles. It is 232 ft. above tide water.

Lake St. Clair is 20 miles long, 14 miles wide, 20 feet deep, and contains 350 square miles. It is 570 feet above tide water.

The American Lakes are computed to contain 1,400 cubic miles of water—more than one half the fresh water on the globe.

THE HURRICANES.—It is computed that the two hurricanes of the last month—that of the 6th which swept the Atlantic coast, and that of the 18th, on the Northern Lakes—destroyed not less than two hundred lives and one million's worth of property.

SALE OF A BANKING HOUSE.—The Commercial Banking House, in New Orleans, has been sold to the Bank of Louisiana for \$50,000.

At a recent meeting of the Commissioners, Monday, the 20th of January, 1845, was fixed on as the time for exposing to sale the stock of the Pennsylvania Canal and Railroad Company.

The Bishop of Newfoundland's yacht, the Hawk, has arrived out from England. She is fitted up as a floating church.

A NEW FESTIVAL.—The Suffrage ladies of Providence, celebrated last Thursday, it being the birth-day of Thos. W. Dorr. He is thirty-nine years of age. The celebration took place at the house of Mrs. Williams the authoress.

The Louisville (Ky.) Courier of the 5th inst., says: "We learn that the body of Jas. Vandenberg, one of the men killed on the Lucy Walker, was found at the mouth of Salt River, on Saturday last."

The St. Augustus (Flo.) News of the 2d inst., says: "Forty thousand oranges were shipped down the St. Johns, a few days since from Drayton's Island."

DR. WOLF RELEASED.—It is stated in the Boston Transcript, on the authority of a letter from Constantinople of the 7th of September, that Rev. Dr. Wolf has been released by the Khan of Bokhara. The Doctor was expected daily at the Persian frontier.

EMANCIPATING SLAVES.—Mr. Wilson, of Shelby county, Kentucky, has emancipated twenty-four slaves, and they are now on their way to Liberia. They were in Cincinnati on Saturday, and they are a good looking set of people, and, we believe, to go.

THE TEN DRAGONS.—The last Galens Gazette says: "The Otter is in this morning from Fort Snelling. There was no truth in the report that ten United States Dragons had been murdered by the Sisseton Indians. Not a word has been heard from the detachment sent out against the Indians since its departure."

DEATH OF AN OFFICER.—Died at Little Rock, Arkansas, on the 8th ult., of apoplexy, 1st Lieutenant William Bowman, of the First Regiment U. S. Dragoons. He was interred by the "Little Rock Guards," with military honors, and the ceremonies of the church and the grave, were numerously attended by the citizens.

A letter has been received at Boston from Halifax, stating that there is much excitement there in consequence of some difference between the mail officer, Lieutenant Ambrose, and the Governor, by reason of which the Acadia took no mails from Halifax. The Governor chartered the Margaret, (the reserve at Halifax) to go out with the mails.

The new Shot Tower in Elm street, St. Louis, fell on the 2d inst. It is said to have settled down in the heap of ruins, making a pile of bricks of about 800,000. Two of the working men made their escape out of the second story window. No lives were lost, but slight damage sustained by the adjoining buildings.

SUSPENSION OF CANAL NAVIGATION.—The season is fast approaching when our Canals usually close. The packets on the Pennsylvania Canal have arranged to stop on the 15th instant.

MURDER AT SEA.—John Smith of Connecticut, Cook of the brig Carleton from Bremen, was imprisoned in New Orleans, 4th inst., charged with killing a German passenger in that vessel, while on the high seas.

ROBBERY AT NAUVOO.—The Mormons, says the St. Louis New Era of the 2d inst., seem to think that they render God service by robbing the Gentiles. On the night of the 16th ult., the store of Mr. Harrison Kimball, of Nauvo, was robbed. A safe was taken, containing about \$400, with a lot of goods.

The Cherokee Advocate says the Osages have been very successful in their Buffalo Hunt this